

# The Western Mirror

Edited and Printed by the Students of Western Canada High School

Vol. 3.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA, MARCH 17th, 1938

No. 21

## All Critics Praised Orchestral Concert

### Western and Central Concert Proves Big Success; Hall Well Filled

Mr. Beresford's forty-three piece orchestra turned in a magnificent show Thursday night. The audience, composed mostly of adults, was loud in its praise of the combined school orchestra. Although exponents of "swing" music would not be able to appreciate the quality of music offered, lovers of fine music thoroughly enjoyed themselves and found much to commend in the arrangement and presentation of the numbers rendered.

Mr. Beresford stated he was well pleased with the players, but wished they could have been better although we are at a loss to see what the trouble was. Some of the numbers played were from music scores of the Calgary Symphony, unabridged arrangements of the pieces, and hence quite difficult even for more advanced players.

Mrs. Flegal Paterson gave four very excellent recitations, two of a serious nature and the two encores in lighter vein. Miss Doris Follett was also much applauded for her vocal selections. Two violin duets by Dorothy and Don Carmichael and Anne Makar, Jacqueline Trusler, were very lovely. In fact the whole program was worthy of the highest commendation and deserved more support from students than it received.

### Members of Orchestra

Strings—1st Violins: Mary Bradley, Anne Makar, Jacqueline Trusler, Elaine McDowell, Dorothy Carmichael, Joan Harvey, Don Carmichael, Norman Harcourt Cecil Howell, Tom Wilson.

2nd Violins: Lenore Pearson Jeanette Pearson, Jean Bell, Ferne Lowell, Madge Rennick, Alice Asselstine, Florence Asselstine, Gwen Simonds, Vera Freeman, Gwen Richardson, Douglas Elves, Charles Hamilton, Don Shaw.

Cello: Glen German, Malvern Davies.

Wood Wind—Clarinet: Frank Bailey, David Elves, Bunt Edwards. Saxophone: Wm. Carruthers, Kelvin Stanley, Irving Kelsey. Flute: Jack Beresford.

Brass—Trumpets: Bert Follett, Glen Paterson, Jack Williams, Tom Chapman. Trombone: Russell Hepburn. French Horn: Doug. Hepburn. Baritone: Art Follett. Tuba: Jack McComb. Drums: Jack Hepburn. Pianists: Mary McKee and Buster McCalla.

### THE MIRROR'S BEST SALESMEN

1. Paul Lancaster	28
2. Wilse Jesse	25
3. Ken Penley	21
4. El. Williamson	20
5. Muriel Sutton	19
6. Gwen Howarth	13
7. Gladys White	12
8. Hugh Dixon	11

### Student Activities in the Shops

#### PRINT SHOP

The printing classes in the school are divided into two divisions. The Grade IX's, in Junior High, form a lower division. The remainder of the printing classes form the other division.

The Grade IX's take more elementary printing, work which leads up to the second year print shop work. The other classes take the more advanced course. In this course, all phases of job printing are fully dealt with. The boys start out and learn hand composition, that is, how to set up written words in type, for printing, quickly and accurately. This class also learns machine composition, the setting of linotyped copy up into page and column form, as for this paper.

The boys in the print shop have done many jobs for the school. All concert programs for the various concerts, rugby games and banquets held in the school, were printed in the shop. Tickets for various performances in the school have also been made in this shop. Late slips, absent slips, and many other occasional jobs have been well done. The regular job of the print shop fellows, however, is setting and printing The Western Mirror, which you can see is well done.

# The Western Mirror

Edited, printed and published weekly by and for the students  
of Western Canada High School, Calgary, Alberta

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West Wing Basement,

Opposite Art Room.

Price: Per Copy, 5 cents



## SPRING AND EXAMS.

**H**URRAH, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Spring is here at last! Blizzards are over, the thermometer has crept out of the doldrums and once more flits merrily up and down between 32 and 100. No more cold winds flying out of the north to freeze our already thrice-frozen ears. No more ice-bound rivers. No more snowed-in sidewalks to shovel. Hurrah, hurrah! So sings the optimist.

The student looks out the window from his class-room. A blue sky beams down upon the earth, brown with dead grass and back-yard gardens. Does he cheer? Does he feel exalted to the skies? NO, NO. Thrice looks he out the window, thrice looks he at the wall. Then after careful consultation with the calendar, whispers across the aisle, "Five more

weeks to go; guess I'll stay in and study some night."

Ah, yes. The poet sees a world full of green trees, soft breezes and sunshine. But the student sees only one day nearer an exam. The poet sees birds coming north, larks and robins. The poor student can think only of the date of the Restoration, the sum of  $X^2$  and Z, the declension of "etre", etc., etc., ad infinitum. Woe, woe. But bear up, all you suffering workers, grandfather sagely states that school days come but once in a lifetime.

## AS WE SEE IT

To the large and appreciative group of music-lovers who turned out to support Mr. Beresford and his 43 musicians last Thursday evening, the concert was a great success. To say that several of the selections played by our orchestra were included on the program presented by the Calgary Symphony last year indicates the calibre of the work performed by High School students.

Always willing to help, we noticed the Girls' Hi-Y came to the assistance of the school again. At their own expense the girls made candy at home, then sold it during the intermission. The money derived from this sale we know will be spent in the best interests of the Club and the school. Congratulations, Hi-Y, for your splendid co-operation.

Now that the Interscholastic Hockey Championship and the Eaton Basketball Trophy rest within the halls of Western, we feel that those who were responsible in bringing these honors to our school should be thanked in some way. We suggest some group of students, with true Western school spirit, offer their services to the President of the Students' Council to sponsor a banquet in honor of our Hockey and Basketball teams.

# Johnny's Journal

"Don't make me laugh, Doctor. I'm already in stitches!" Such are my feeble protestations as once again I heave my abused body onto a high stool and prepare, with murderous forethought, to commit mayhem and all undue violence on an equally abused "King's English"

Yes, friends, as you have probably guessed after reading the above babbling, you are once again straining your optics on the writings of Johnny (Journal) Shapter. Having been granted a brief respite by the Doctor before I must again enter "ye hospitale" and prostrate myself to the mucky ministrations which accompany an appendectomy, I am free once more to plague you with my bugnuttly babblings.

I'll start off with a little current history:

Olive Lomas is sporting (she's sports editor) a becoootiful black eye. And would you believe it she's trying to hand us that old story about walking into a door. However, we know that she was out to the dance at Penley's with "Doc" Cavers. Of course the fact that she was at Penley's with "Doc" Cavers the same fateful night that she "acquired" the darkened optic does not necessarily point to "Doc's" guilt as a lady-killer—but, oh, well! And not only that, "Doc" strictly maintained that he did not take "Olly" home. It's all so mysterious and Johnny (Old Flame) O'Rourke is getting a big laugh out of the whole business.

—Then there's the screwball rumour on the hoof that Lillian Snyder walks in her sleep. I cannot bring myself to belief of this statement, however, because I happen to know that the Snyders have

three cars. Why walk when you can ride—eh, Lil?

Will you bear with me while I wax a trifle sensible and sentimental? (Incidentally, it's quite hard to be sentimental and still be sensible). When the Central gang heard that the guy who for weeks had been slandering their institution, was in the "chophouse" with an appendix and stuff, they dropped their mud, and with characteristic Central goodwill and big-heartedness, wrote a whole column eulogizing that person and expressing sympathy for his plight. That "guy" of whom they wrote was me. Usually I am just bubbling over with things to say; in fact, I think I could claim title for saying nothing in the most words; however, when I heard that they took valuable space in their Anniversary Edition just to do this thing for me, the only words, or rather word, I could find to reply to their goodwill was "Thanks." This one word sometimes can convey a lot. It is my sincere hope that Central will get my full meaning when I say, "Thanks, Central."

The calibre of question letters which I receive is clearly illustrated by this one:

Dear "Lonely Heart" Shapter.

I love a gal,

She don't love me.

Please help me solve

This mystery.

Yours in faith,

—HOPELESS.

Dear Hopeless:—

Tell the gal you hate her! Now you and I both know that women are curious (in more ways than one) so the natural thing for her to do is take stock of herself to find out why you hate her. If

she's not too conceited she's bound to discover that she's not a "perfect specimen" and will give you credit for helping her to "find herself." Then about a week later, call around again (be sure to take the price of a show and a taxi) and I'll guarantee success.

Yours foolely,

—SHAPTER.

(P.S.)—If this works, let me know. I might like to use it some time.—J.S.

And here, in my opinion, is what could be aptly termed a gooey joke:

"Melvin —MelVIN!"

"What?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, but I've been coming pretty close."

Speaking of goo, here's a joke for musicians which I think is rather goo—d:

Alf Lea: Did Doris enjoy her date with Jack, Friday night?

Joan Shouldice: She was never so humiliated in her life. When Jack started to eat his soup, five couples got up and began dancing.

Whereas the above jokes are of a rather liquid nature, I don't think either of them could be called "sloppy."—(Get it?)

Rumour has it that Andy (Snazzy) Snaddon has been found muttering the name of Ida over and over to himself. "The boys" tell me she's small and sweet. Something like a chocolate bar, eh Andy? Ah, well, spring is almost here, so I don't suppose Andy is culpable for his queer infatuation. Love is everywhere, tra-la-la-la.

(Continued on page 7)



# WE REQUIRE A MIGHTY VOLUME OF

What is Lilly Belsberg doing all these nights that we can't get any scandal on her?

Margaret and Ross Leyden have delightful "tete-a-tetes" every day before the fourth period. Who ever said that blondes and redheads don't attract each other?

Marg. Cameron has changed her mind again. Now instead of disliking Paul Slipper she claims that she likes him very much. We still maintain that he does drive a nice big car.

Eileen Kelly made a hit with everyone at the Hi-Y dance at St. Mark's, and since then has been rushed off her feet. Gordon Humphries is still a long way out in front, though. The big question is now, "Are there any 'dark horses' in this race?" Only time will tell.

I really hate—I don't mean maybe, The chap who calls his girl friend "Baby,"

It almost seems a sacred duty To sock the guy who speaks of "Cutie."

And cannibals should make lunch Of sissies who say "Honey-bunch." But under epitaphs should lie All those who murmur "Sweetie-Pie."

(Advice to Those in Love.)

That good-looking Robert McRindle carries around a mirror (not a paper) to preen himself so he'll look his best for the girls in History period. Tut, tut, Robert.

We may see John Littlewood giving Lois Culley lessons in shooting little paper wads most any time these days. His shots are perfect, but hers! Oh, boy!

All you handsome heroes better watch out. Joan Shouldice is back at school, but as yet we can pin no scandal on her. Give her time give her time. We'll probably have to put an extra page in the paper when she hits her stride.

Gosh, are some men fast! Hank Cormack's got a ticket for the Omega Sigma Tau Easter dance; in fact we even heard it rumoured that he'd dated a girl. Who is it, Hank? And why didn't you buy a paper this week?

This school's getting to be a regular hot-bed of rumours. But my cousin's uncles, third brother's best friend's pal knows a guy who says that Andy Snaddon is going to start a Moocher's Club. The president is to be the person who has chiselled the most Mirror's to read. Andy says that no member will be allowed unless he is a heel enough to never buy a Mirror, but always reads the fellow's who sits across the aisle.

We ought to feel proud that Beth Adams of Western has recently won a "figure" contest he'd by pupils of another school. Wonder what kind of a figure is meant?

Bill Hamilton met Joan Ryan and thinks she's the cat's meow. But what girl doesn't he think that about?

John Doyle thinks Jean Cronnie looks like "Snow White." Maybe he is just one of the "Seven Dwarfs."

Margaret White really lost her heart at a party a while ago. Too bad he doesn't come to this school Marg.

Gladys White's heart goes pit-a-pat every time she sees Lloyd Lavo in the hall. Say it isn't so, Gladys!

We wonder why Elsie Strang waits on a certain corner every night. Could it be for Jimmie Baillie? (My, my!)

There seems to be quite an attraction at Betty Baird's locker for Bill James. Does Betty like them dark, Bill?

Little Audrey laughed and laughed and laughed, 'cause she knew how crazy Bil was about her.

Rosena Lee's motto must be: "Take a number from one to ten." She has on the string not only Jim McPhedron, but Austin Case, Eddie Smith, and a group of "cute" Ogden boys.

We notice that Agnes Simmonds does not slip down the library steps like always. Doesn't Johnny Gordon wait at the bottom any more?

Bill Hamilton and Ted O'Grady nearly came to blows over who was to have "Ebbtide" with Betty Clendennan or March 4th. Ted won.

Don Patterson must be on the lookout for something worthwhile in life. He told Dossie York she was looking "especially pretty" last Friday, and wanted to know if Lucy Pierce could cook worth a curse. (Confidentially, she can't).

Agnes Simmonds, Edith Mason and Nan Ogilvie should really have a good old fight over Bill Orr. But Edith seems to be coming out tops at present.

# GOO-GOO TO FILL THESE COLUMNS

Shirley Holmes looked just too cute with her hair in rags. The boys didn't seem to mind her return to childhood at all.

Marjorie Coverdale is always saying, "I want to be alone," but when Tommy Calvin is around she changes her tune to "We want to be alone."

Mary Sherman is following closely in the line of Stu Henderson admirers. What is it that fellow's got, anyway?

If Roy King's plans materialize according to his wishes, Beryl King won't have to change her name. Already people are 'phoning Roy's house for Beryl. It would be a good idea—only about ten more years to wait.

As per usual Jimmy Jardine went to Penley's stag—and Mary Pierce went with Dennis Potts, but not as per usual. Give him time, though, he started well—coursage, 'nearly everything.

Believe it or not! (Personally I wouldn't, either). Olive Lomas did run into a door after the dance on March 4th. But "Doc" Cavers always was such a brute, and he says he doesn't remember bringing her home. And is Johnny O'Rourke laughing!

Dan Spittal loves to hear Mary Pierce's voice so much that he had her paged at the dance last Friday so he could talk to her. They say an old flame never dies, Mary.

Flash! Our own shy Marjorie Stewart had a marvellous time with Eric Young on a Friday night. Must be "just something about him!"

Margaret Rason and Bob Scrimager get along simply deevinely. She wears his tie-pin, and they exchange watches.

Flash! Flash!! Why did both Rosena Lee and Edith Griffith get mad at Lucille Patterson for saying Eddie Smith wasn't cute looking? We girls must stick together.

Minnie Rose and Kyle Gaughey surely have got it bad—be on the lookout for "fine goings-on" at noon, and especially after school.

Dorothy McCullough and Ken Gordon are oblivious of the presence of their friends, when they are together.

What a thrill Elsie Cooper had the other night when a C.C.I. boy with the initials L.W. rode her home from a dance on his bike. Did you hang on tight?

You should see the sweet nothings Ginger King wrote all over Dorothy Gillies' dance program—"You're the most heavenly dancer" and such-like. Zowie!!

Frances Matthews has quite a variety of admirers and those to be admired. Among them are Harry Gerus and B. Cooper, who incidentally, keeps her hands warm at the hockey games.

There ought to be a law against Herby Agnew having girl friends cheer up his detentions after school. Such a law would hit Betty Mirtle pretty badly.

Babe Duff was seen kissing Dan Spittal on the dance floor last Friday at Penley's. We wonder if the Spittal-Sherman romance is going on the rocks.

Old Dan Cupid shot too many arrows into Nan Ogilvie's heart—one for Johnny Bolyk, another for Bill Orr, and more for Bob Osborne, Johnny Bobi and a certain Bud whose picture she carries around with her.

Bill Upton is fast becoming Western's No. 1 eligible bachelor. Don't rush, girls!

Out of the bevy of beauties at the dance on the 4th, Mick Wood chose Dossie York to devote his attentions to.

Talk of re-kindling old flames—Jack Storey was seen at Penley's with Viv McGuire and enjoying it, too.

Oh, these Sunday afternoon walks! Colleen Miller and Harvey Bliss were out enjoying the Sabbath sunshine when the first sign of Spring—the love bug—bit them.

Jack McGie's one weakness is his fascination for red-heads—Joyce Jackson in particular.

John Smyth possesses so many good points that Audrey Stickney just can't stop speaking about him. Watch out, or you'll convince some other gal what a fine prospect he is!

Jack Jorgens is the shyest boy! At Penley's last Friday a pretty young thing deliberately had her boy friend introduce Jack to her, and Jack was so scared he nearly ran a mile.

Ross McIntyre didn't see much of the show at the Capitol on Collegiate Night. What's Betty Baird got that Sonja Henie hasn't Ross?

# Western Captures Basketball Title

## Score 39 - 35 Victory Over Crescents in Final Game Before Capacity Crowd At Memorial Hall

The big Red, Green and Gold team added new laurels at Memorial Hall last Thursday by winning the Boys' Interscholastic League basketball title. Avenging a senior rugby defeat at the hands of the Hilltops, the Western boys went out to win, and did just that. To Johnny Souter congrats for a fine coaching job in bringing the title to Western halls. A capacity crowd, representing both schools cheered their respective teams so lustily that the game had to be stopped time and time again.

Below is a summary of the three championship games.

### 1st GAME

#### Western 31—Crescents 25

The speedy Red, Green and Gold team got off to a flying start by taking a 31-25 decision in the first playoff game. Western kept ahead throughout the game, and the half-time score read, Western 17, Crescents, 15. Western forged ahead to increase their lead in spite of a great Hilltop rally. The final score was 31-25 in Western's favor.

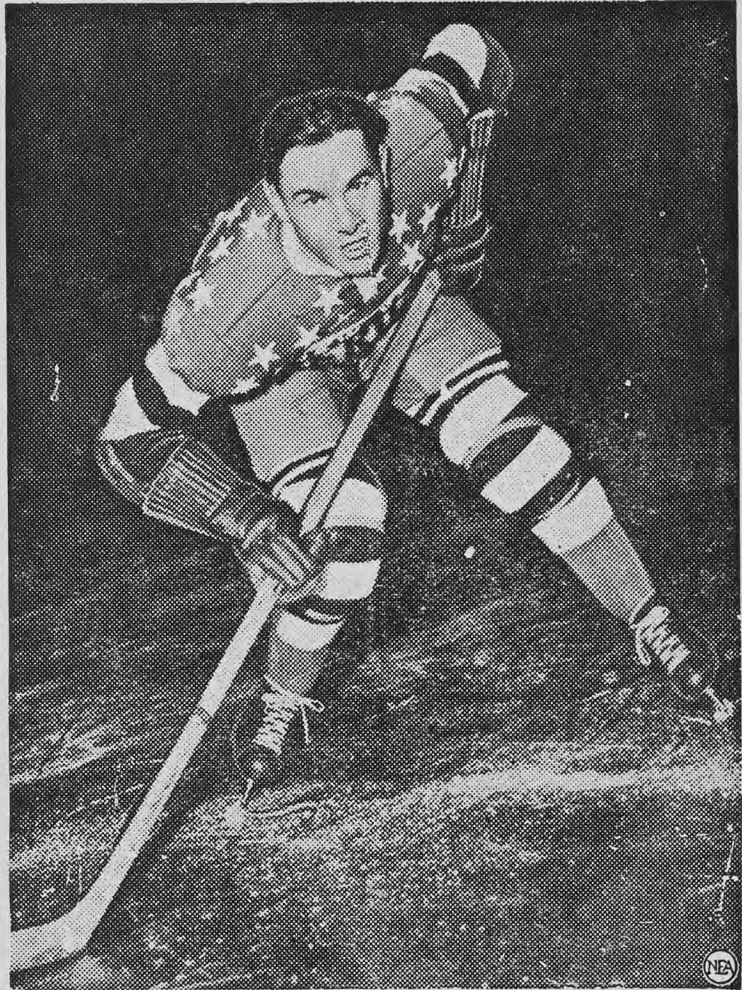
Scov Murray topped Western's scorers with 11 points, followed closely by Webber and Ratledge with 8 apiece. Hatcher rang up a total of 7.

### 2nd GAME

#### Western 28—Crescents 40

This game, played before a fair crowd of Western fans, brought to light a fighting band of Crescent players who were determined to tie up the series, and on the other hand the Western players were equally determined to clinch the title. These reasons produced a

## A WESTERN GRADUATE



Above is pictured Lorne Carr, flashy right-winger of the New York Americans' hockey team of the National Hockey League. Carr is a member of the famous Chapman-Schriner-Carr line, reputedly one of the smartest in

hockey today. It is of interest to Westerners to know that Lorne learned his hockey while in attendance here. He was also a rugby star during his student days at Western. We, of Western are proud of this graduate.

really exciting game. The final score read 40-28 for Crescents and so necessitated a third and final game.

Bud Fillan was top scorer for Western with 7 points.

### 3rd GAME

#### Western 39—Crescents 35

The game was fast and exciting throughout. Murray scored three

(Continued on next page)



# O'Grady SEZ----

## A CHAPTER ON SHAPTER.

We regret to inform you that at the time of writing our Eighth Page Punster, Johnny Shapter, is reclining on a hospital cot, and gazing, not into the jewel-like eyes of his heavenly blonde, but at an almost equally good-looking nurse. It's the old appendix that has the Shapter constitution on the mat but you can't keep a good man or a Shapter down, so expect the Phoney Phunster to return shortly.

Incidentally, this appendix business has been carried too far. Fun's fun, but do you realize that fifteen Westerners your little columnist knows personally, have had their appendix (plural?) out since last April? Do you realize that if all the appendix (plural?) removed since last year from Westerners were placed end to end, you would have a long intestine? I protest! Why this waste? Why not form a society for the promotion of the practical use of former alimentary appendages? Think it over. Or do you see what I mean?

## THIS WEEK.

The blue ribbon in the song-writing field goes to "How'd You Like To Love Me?" from "College Swing"; and "Jungle Love." Mark them well, oh reader—they'll soon be on top of the Who's Who of Swingland—the Hit Parade. Don't say I didn't warn you.

## ROMANCE AND RHYTHM.

There was once a co-ed quite shy,  
Who said to a student named Cy,

"If you kiss me, of course,

You will have to use force,

But thank heaven, you're stronger  
than I."

## Johnny's Journal

(Continued from page 3)

You remember Andy, folks; he's the fellow who so ably wielded the pen for me during my enforced absence.

Central always blames me for "cribbing" their jokes. So this week instead of being downright nasty with them, I'll get smart. I'll take a poem from last week's Weeper, and using the same theme produce a similar poem.

(Some game, eh, keed?)

Here's the first line:

"He took her gently in his arms."

The theme was humorous. Gangway, I'm going to crash the realm of Poesy!

"He took her gently in his arms

The colour left her cheek,

But on the shoulder of his coat,

It stayed about a week."

Well, "that's thirty for now," as the real journalists say. So until next week,

I remain,

Your "anaemic anti-gloomist"

JOHNNY SHAPTER.

## SPORT--Continued

(Continued from page 6)

points and Bud Fillan, who proved once again to be the star of the game, added four. Murray and Fillan split another four points Webber was watching Carleson like a leach and really made a fine job of it. Hatcher hit the score sheet with a point and Murray ran up three on free shots. Fillan collected one and two respectively and Hatcher closed the first half scoring with a pair of baskets. Half-time score was, Western 23 Crescents 20.

The second half produced a Crescent rally which fell short of its mark and Western breakaways which proved to be the deciding

## WESTERN GRADUATE SINGS ON C.B.C.

By Bert Follett

Many students of Western Canada had the pleasure of hearing the broadcast of Macdonald College on Thursday, March 10th. The high-light of the broadcast, from the viewpoint of Westerners, was the solo by Miss Eleanor Carlyle, a graduate of Western last year, now attending Macdonald College.

We understand that these broadcasts are to be regular, coming on every Thursday from 1 to 2 o'clock. This is a good example of what may be done along this line, so come on, Western, let's get behind our Students' Council and put our broadcast over in a proper manner. In the meantime, orchids to Miss Eleanor Carlyle.

It seems Donald (duck) Patterson's hot number turned out to be lukewarm, or so he tells us.

factors in the game. Bud Fillan added another eight points and Murray and Hatcher completed the Western scoring with four points each. Jim Gulick played a great guard and undoubtedly is the most improved player of the current season. A great cheer went up from the Western supporters as Bud Fillan made the score 39-35 just before the bell went.

Congratulations, fellows, for winning both the Eaton Trophy and the Interscholastic League title. Everyone of you played real basketball throughout the season, and are worthy winners of these two championships. Once again congrats to you all.

### Western Lineup

Centre, George Webber; forwards, Bill Hatcher, Bud Fillan; guards, Jim Gulick, Scov Murray; subs., Bud Patterson, Johnny Gordon, M. Birnie, E. Park and B. Ratledge.

# Clubs, Frats and Sororities

## Reorganization of Girls Hi-Y

### New Organization Will Be Broadened to Include a Larger Student Membership

Since their rugby banquet and dance on December 3rd, the Girls' Hi-Y Club has not been heard of to any extent, but has been very actively engaged in planning to greatly enlarge its membership.

The Club was not able to send a delegate to the Hi-Y international conference at Vancouver, because it did not represent enough of the student body. The girls were indeed disappointed, but immediately decided to remedy the situation. Under the excellent supervision of their mentor, Miss Maxwell, they composed a code of membership and amendments to their constitution. With this change the Club will envelope a large part of the Grade X's in the school. They will be divided into groups of 10 with four leaders in each group, who will belong to the Senior Hi-Y composed of 20 girls. They will have individual meetings and occasional joint meetings.

At the annual school concert last week, the girls sold candy to obtain money to finance a social for the Grade X girls. This tea, or get-together, is being held this afternoon for the purpose of getting acquainted with the girls, and explaining their origin, aim, work and form of meetings, and to invite them to be the first to join the new Junior Hi-Y Club. Come

## Personal

We noticed that Jessie Waycott is back at school following a tonsil operation.

\* \* \*

An unfortunate accident occurred in the Physical Training class two weeks ago. Jack McPherson broke his ankle. He is at school, but on crutches.

\* \* \*

Fred Young is suffering from an attack of pneumonia. We hope to see Fred back at school soon.

\* \* \*

Morris Calmen, who was knocked from his bicycle in December, has returned to school, fully recovered from the accident.

\* \* \*

One of our basketball players Bob Wrathall, has a bruised bone in his foot. He will be out of basketball due to the injury.

\* \* \*

John Shapter is at home, recovering from an attack of appendicitis. His many friends will be pleased to know that Johnny returns soon.

\* \* \*

The sympathy of The Mirror Staff and the entire school is extended to Kyora McLean in the recent sad bereavement in the loss of her mother who passed away Tuesday, February 8th.

Announcing Inter-School Badminton Tournament at the Glencoe Club, Saturday, March 19th. All boys and girls interested please turn out.

out and see for yourselves if you'd like to be a part of the best and most active Club in Western, and for Western.

## CHEMISTRY CLUB

The Chemistry Club met in W 4 on Monday, March 7th. The Club wishes to thank Mr. J. W. Young, city chemist, for his most interesting talk on the city's water supply. Mr. Young's talk was illustrated by slides and dealt with the purification of the water and the many minute organisms found in water.

Next week the members will go in the lab. for practical work.

## OMEGA CHI DELTA

On March 7th Miss Betty Mitchell was the guest speaker at a "Waffle Party" of the Omega Chi Delta Sorority, held at the home of Miss Betty Wright.

## SCHOOL SOCIAL

On the beautiful "Hotel L'Auditorium" the happy couples danced. Another Social is in full swing. The cheerful faces tell that the dancers, as they sway to the rhythmic music, are having the "time of their lives." Here you may dance to the music of countless famous orchestras. Between dances, while some rest on luxurious seats, others ask beautiful ladies for the next dance.

When at last the home waltz has been played, a gay, carefree band of students are seen leaving the school. With laughter and gaiety they depart to their homes.

This is but a meagre description of a "School Social." If you have not attended one of these celebrated events make it a date to be there next Wednesday. The time is 4 o'clock, the admission is free, the music is good, and a sweli time is promised you.

—GLEN CUMMINS.